



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1803.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

INCONVENIENCE OF A LEARNED WIFE.
SIR.

THERE has been a great deal of debate and much shedding of ink in the learned world, for some time past, respecting the rank that women ought to hold in the scale of creation. Some sour old bachelors have thought, with Sir Andrew Absolute in the play, that women may be taught their letters, but should never learn their mischievous combinations; others, of a softer mould, have in a manner depressed, while they exalted them, by bursting forth into rapturous eulogiums on their aimable virtues, which they would at the same time confine to the kitchen and nursery; while a third sort, with more liberality than the one, and more boldness than the other, have contended that literature alone exalts the female character, and that every step a woman mounts in the ladder of learning, makes her more eminent in excellence:

"*Victor que virum volitare per ora.*"

Among the votaries of the third sect, I beg leave to enrol my name: I began life with a determination to run counter to the established usage of mankind, in the choice of a wife. For I sighed when I reflected on the slavish subjection in which man detains his injured helpmate, in defiance of reason, and in contempt of humanity; I burned with all the zeal of a Don Quixote, to fight the battles of this last and fairest work of nature, and resolved to shew the world that I felt what I expressed, by drawing some deserving female from humble life; by providing her with books in all the learned languages, superintending her education with scrupulous anxiety, and, at a fit period, leading her to the altar, crowned with never-fading flowers of sagacity and erudition. This grand scheme I immediately put in practice, in the following manner:

You must know, sir, there is a small shop opposite my study window, which professes to sell gingerbread, earthen-ware, gilt paper, peg-tops, and treacle. To this house of miscellaneous fame, I had been accustomed to see a little girl come two or three times a week, and generally return with a handful

of gingerbread. This did not at first appear very extraordinary, till I observed the gingerbread to be decorated with the letters of the alphabet, which the sagacious infant devoured more with her eyes than her teeth. This pleased me; it seemed an earnest of future literary greatness, and immediately determined me to gain some acquaintance with the damsel, in order to find whether at some future period she was likely to answer my matrimonial speculation. In a few days I found out her abode, and waited on her mother, an industrious washer-woman in the neighborhood; told her my tale, to which she "did seriously incline;" and ended, by requesting that she would put her daughter under my tuition. The old woman thankfully accepted the offer, assuring me that her daughter was one of the "cutest girls in the whole street;" and having called her in, and acquainted her with the subject of our conference, I had the satisfaction to find that she expressed an entire readiness to submit to my instructions. We accordingly departed, hand in hand. Little Phœbe (for so was she called) immediately entered upon her course of lectures, with an alacrity that both surprised and pleased me. She learned to read even quicker than Madame de Genlis's infant prodigies; soon became acquainted with a large proportion of English literature; and in the course of a few years was mistress of the French, Italian, Greek, and Latin languages.

I now considered the time as having arrived, which fate had fixed for my marriage. Phœbe made no objection; a licence was obtained; and Dr. Stedfast and Phœbe Morris were introduced to the public, by means of the morning papers, as husband and wife. My pleasure did not, like that of many others, end with the honey-moon, but received a daily accession of delight; for surely no woman, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, was ever possessed of such rare and valuable virtues. The common failings of common women were unknown to Phœbe; her lofty mind "towered above her sex," and displayed such a collection of singular endowments, as, conscious as I am of my inability properly to display, I cannot resist the temptation of endeavoring to describe.

The first talent on which my wife piqued herself, was high spirit. The tame acquiescence of Mrs. Shandy she utterly despised, and indeed gave numerous and forcible proofs of the contrary extreme. For instance, she spoilt me a famous edition of Pope's Works, by throwing a volume into the fire, in which the author had stigmatized some lady in these words: "*No ass more meek, no ass more obstinate.*" She next tore the cover from a volume of Swift's Letters, because he called her sex a race hardly above monkeys. Her third stretch of prerogative was displayed, by throwing Congreve's Plays out of the window, because in one of them he had declared,

"*That women are like tricks by slight of hand, Which to admire, we should not understand.*"

Nay, she proceeded so far as to send an elegant edition of Orlando Furioso to the pastry-cook, because Ariosto expressed a wish that Angelica had fallen a sacrifice to the frenzy of Orlando; and actually banished poor Virgil from the house, because he had given her sex a neuter gender, and inveighed against them as "*varium et mutabile.*" These diminutions of my library, only served to increase my admiration for my wife, as I considered them fresh proofs of that independent spirit, which is so necessary to enable women to bear up against our encroaching sex, and is so rare to be met with, in our squeamish days.

The next quality in my catalogue, for which I have to compliment my Phœbe, is her contempt of dress. It is a notorious fact, that many women ruin their husbands merely in silk, lace, and muslin. My spouse is so far from running into extravagance in these articles, that I verily believe she has not two yards of either in her possession. Her general dress is a linen robe, floating loosely about, and fastened at the breast with a Roman fibula. In this robe, and an old pair of sandals, she is accustomed to wander through the woods, or by the side of some purling stream, with all the solemnity of an ancient sage.

The third virtue which Phœbe boasts is chastity. This you will acknowledge is no bad quality in a wife. With what rapture have I heard her read Ariosto's account of

ancient Amazons, and Hayley's Dissertation on the ancient Maidens of this country! She has completely cleared my house of every female with a tolerable countenance, that I may be kept out of temptation; insomuch that I may challenge the whole country to produce such a race of scare-crows. I have already told of the ravages she has made in my library; but I forgot to mention, that she has insisted on my parting with a volume of Greek Poems, because there was a small portion of contraband goods on board, which was no other than that famous Ode of Sappho, beginning

"Phainetai moi keinos isos theoisin."

merely because the expressions were not reconcilable to her ideas of decorum.

Thus, sir, I have endeavored to give you a faint sketch of the numerous virtues of my Phæbe; owing, no doubt, to the learned education I have bestowed upon her. Her particular traits of character, her impromptus, bon mots, &c. I shall leave to some future, and more able biographer to describe. But candor obliges me to confess that this blaze of excellence does not seem quite congenial to the feelings of those who frequent my house. The majority of my acquaintance, not being men of very profound erudition, endeavor to keep out of her way; for she has an odd custom of putting questions, which their capacities are not always equal to answering. She once frightened Mr. Simper, the dancing clergyman, from my table, by some inquiry relative to the plusquam perfectum of a Greek verb; and no longer ago than yesterday, while Sam Sweetwort, the brewer, was entertaining the company with a description of his phaeton & four, Phæbe stopt him short in the middle of his harangue by the following lines from Ovid:

*Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summe
Curvatura rota; radorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chrysolithi positaque ex ordine gemme
Clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phæbo.*

Such, sir, are the various advantages, to be derived from marrying a learned woman, advantages which none but a philosopher can properly estimate, and which none but a philosopher should endeavor to secure. For it might possibly happen, that a man of confined education would not, for the sake of distant and speculative advantages, willingly forego the common routine of domestic comfort. Such a man might think his wife better employed in making custards than in making syllogisms; in pickling cucumbers than in extracting the square root. He might allow a woman a proper degree of spirit, without wishing to tear her husband's books, or box his ears; and if he was extremely precise, might assert the possibility of preserving her reputation for chastity, without banishing her husband *a mensa et thoro*.

I am, &c.

Europ. Magaz.

GABRIEL STEDFAST.

[In all periodical publications originality is sought for—and destitute of which, works of this nature will instruct little, much less will they amuse. Novelty to the gay and volatile is gratifying—to the serious interesting, inasmuch as it may afford instruction.—Not to disappoint the expectations of a generous public, has been the peculiar care of the Editor of The Hive. To select pieces of taste and elegance of style, and to procure originality that might not lacerate character or offend the modesty of the reader, has been his unremitting labor. If he has unfortunately failed in either of those attempts, the only apology that he can offer is, that his intentions were good, but that his taste and judgment were erroneous.]

Painful must it be to every man of sentiment and of feeling to see a work which he intended for the instruction and amusement of the public, ridiculed by every fool and blockhead, and decried as destitute of every merit. To none is it more so than to the Editor of this paper. Insinuations have gone abroad—they have reached the ears of the Editor—that The Hive is "a poor pitiful undertaking, conducted with no taste, and that it possesses no original matter whatever—that all the pieces that have yet appeared, and which were intended to be imposed on the public for originals, are (to use the correct language of an elegant critic, a luminary of the first magnitude,) "plagiarisms." How far charges of this nature are well founded, the Editor will leave the man of taste and judgment, to determine. If they are well founded, he pledges himself that to obviate them for the future, shall be his chief study.

A gentleman who has more than once expressed his disgust at this "pitiful undertaking, conducted with no taste," has enabled the Editor, in part, to correct this procedure, by presenting to his subscribers an original, which for elegance of diction, cogency of reasoning, and accuracy of orthography, stand without a parallel. He assures the courteous reader, that it is not a spurious, but a truly legitimate original—the happy offspring of a mind irradiated by the divine light of knowledge—the excursions of which, to the intricate regions of literature, are as extensive as its capacity is illimitable. But not to leave the reader, longer on the tip-toe of expectation, we haste to present this *lusus nature*, this prodigy of compositions—And here it is *verbatim et literatim*.]

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. McDOWELL,

I have seen a piece in your third number of the hive signed Juvenis ser., composed with all the *invective* possible for the pen of ill humour, dipped in the ink of revenge; to scribble against Juvenis, for merely stating facts which must be notorious to every person who has been in company, with the ladies of Lancaster one quarter of an hour: And which the ladies nor even Juvenis ser. himself attempt to deny. But, whether Mr. Juvenis ser. was solicited by the ladies, to undertake the task of retorting on Juvenis or whether it was that high and exalted opinion, he has of his own abilities, that he would wish to display to the world, his elegant diction, just observations, and witty repartees (of which, his laborious composition is so replete) that caused his pericranium to convulse and bring forth a monster, which, I am sure no one, but a person possessed with as large a portion of egotism as his own dear self would

wish to give a parental acknowledgement of. This I will not undertake to determine, but shall leave it to the Public to judge. If it be the former and that he was actually called upon to resent the injury (if any) that the ladies have received. Pray in what manner has he done it? By calling, Juvenis an "addlepated coxcomb self important blockhead &c.," and that the good sense, and enlightened minds of the ladies, could afford them no other aid to expell from their company, a person who is not agreeable; but in the most licentious manner, to deviate from the most amiable rules of decorum, and urbanity, which, ought to be as inseparable from a lady, as her exsistence: but such is the mode, which, Juvenis ser. has undertaken to excuse the ladies & palliate for a charge which is by no means the most indecorous: No the modest pen of Juvenis might have informed the ladies of Lancaster of their perpetual clashing of parties, & cabals, a continual flow of prepossessions, predictions, and contrary opinions, which, are so prevalent among the female sex: That a person of sense at one house, is called a fool at the next; in fact, the good, the bad, the beautiful, the ugly, *ruth*, and even virtue itself have only a limited and local existence. Whoever chooses a general acquaintance, and goes into different company, should be more pliable than *Alecibiades*; he should change his principles with company, new model his sentiments in a manner at every step, and lay down his maxims by rule; He ought at every visit to leave his conscience (if he has one) at the door & take up with that of the house; Just as a new servant does that of his livery, every new place of employ, a new suit. Such are the changes, such the "purgations," a person must undergo; who would wish to keep company with the ladies in this borough. These are facts almost as notorious as those stated by Juvenis, and will require the pen of some person possessed with as much meditation, and vivacity of thought as Juvenis ser. to refute; and should be a second time be called upon, and support it with the same sophism; (for if it be true I do venture to assert that there has not been any other, but Gentlemen of this description in company with the present circle.) certainly they will not feel themselves under any obligation for such *services*, but have every reason to exclaim with Doctor Franklin "we have paid dear, very dear for our whistle." But should Juvenis ser. still retain that high and exalted opinion of his muddled brain; and once more aspire at what nature never designed for him, he should beware lest the ladies with propriety and justice brand himself with those epithets of "addlepated, blockhead &c." which he so liberally bestowed upon Juvenis.

Mr. McDowell if Juvenis ser. should wish to know, who I am, please to inform him, for me, that as we are at present unknown

to each other; it is not my desire we ever should be acquainted; for I do assure him I cannot flatter myself with deriving any advantage either from his enlightened mind or agreeable company. But in the mean time let him except of this as coming from one who is neither a *neomake* nor relation.

J. I.

—
FOR THE HIVE.

TOBY'S SOLILOQUY.

CURS'D be the day, the iron arm of slavery,
First rear'd itself to tear us from our home;—
That first taught Spanish avarice and pride
To cross the seas, inhumanly to break
The stubborn ties, that bound us to our
country, [shameful
Our family, and friends. And yet under
Stile, to transport us, to a land of misery
And woe, there to linger out a sad existence,
Beset with fetters, more galling far, than
E'er vindictive fury form'd. Methinks,
I hear the far extended shores of Africa,
Resound the doleful cries of helpless infants.

Alas!—deprived of father, mother, friend,
Their only stay. What can they expect?
At most a short existence—

—How truly miserable.

Unhappy Africa! What hast thou done
to merit such treatment? Have the Gods
denounced you the prey of a plundering
world?—Are you eternally doomed to sla-
very and woe?—Is liberty for ever banished
your shores?—Forbid it Heaven. Most gra-
ciously avert the miseries that beset us—In-
stil humanity into the breasts of our oppres-
sors, and restore us to our friends, to our
country, and to liberty.

"Oh! Liberty thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearments worth caressing."

MR. M'DOWELL,

The little anecdote of *UGOLINO*, a Floren-
tine count, and his *CHILDREN* (which lately
appeared in the *Christian Cabinet*), may, per-
haps, be acceptable to some of your readers.
In a poem of *Dante's*, he gives the follow-
ing description of his being imprisoned, with
his children, by the archbishop of *Ruggi-
ari*:—

"THE hour approached when we ex-
pected to have something brought us to eat.
But instead of seeing any food appear, I
heard the doors of that horrible dungeon
more closely barred. I beheld my little chil-
dren in silence, and could not weep. My
heart was petrified! The little wretches
wept, and my dear Anselm said, *Tu guardi
si, padre; che hai?*—father, you look on us!
what ails you? I could neither weep nor
answer, and continued swallowed up in silent

agony all that day and the following night,
even to the dawn of day. As soon as the
glimmering ray darted through the doleful
prison, that I could view again those four
faces, in which my own image was impress-
ed, I gnawed both my hands with grief and
rage. My children believing I did this thro'
eagerness to eat, said to me, *My father! our
torments would be less, if you would allay
the rage of your hunger upon us.* We were
all mute that day and the following. *Quel
di, e fultro, atemmo tutti muti.* The fourth
day being come, Gaddo falling extended at
my feet, cried, *Padre mio, che non m'aiuti!*
My father, why do you not help me? and di-
ed. The other three expired, one after the
other, between the fifth and sixth day, fa-
mished as thou seest me now! And I, being
seized with blindness, began to grope upon
them with my hands and feet; and continu-
ed calling them by their names three days
after they were dead. *E tre di li chiamai
poiche fur morti: then hunger vanquished my
grief.*

There is a most striking picture of this
in the duke of *Dorset's* collection of pictures
at Nore, near *Sevensoaks*.

WILTON.

—
FOR THE HIVE.

A friend observing a lady crossing the
street the other day, with her hair undressed
a la mode de Crazy Jane, or more pertinent-
ly, it the style of the *Furies*, could not help
exclaiming, in the language of the elegant
bard—alas! poor "*Kate is crazed.*"

Good breeding is not confined to exter-
nals, much less to any particular dress or at-
titude of the body; it is the art of pleasing,
or contributing as much as possible to the
ease and happiness of those with whom you
converse. [Fielding.

To Correspondents.

The communication signed "*Teague O'
Donaghan*," cannot appear in *The Hive*.—
If the author be really an Irishman, he does
no credit to the country which gave him
birth. If he be not an Irishman, it is our
duty to inform him, that he is totally unac-
quainted with the character he seems desir-
ous to expose.

So far as it may be necessary to lash the
follies or vices of the times, we shall not so
much regard the means, as the accomplish-
ment of good. Well seasoned wit will be
acceptable in any national character or dress;
—but we cannot admit what we know to be
erroneous. Irishmen undoubtedly, like oth-
ers, have their faults, but they cannot be
justly charged with a want of hospitality;
for we know them to possess, in general, an
openness of heart, and a benevolence of dis-
position.

WILTON, will find one of his commu-
nications in this paper, the other shall ap-
pear next week. He will observe with what
promptness we have attended to his friendly
hints.

The communication signed "*An Admirer
of the Ladies*" is unavoidably postponed till
our next.

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Lancaster, July 20, 1803.

—
Melancholy Effects of Lightning.

On Tuesday the 12th inst. three children
belonging to *John Hurst* of Leacock town-
ship, Lancaster county, were struck by light-
ning. The eldest, a girl of ten years of age,
was killed, and the others were considerably
injured; but hopes are entertained of their
recovery.

DIED—On Monday morning last, in the
21st year of age, Miss *MARIA ROSS*, eldest
daughter of Gen. James Ross, of this bor-
ough. In this young lady were blended
most of the virtues and accomplishments of
her sex. Amiable in her manners; sincere
in her professions; unaffected by pride or
capricious passions; rich in the affections of
her friends, she departed this life, after a
severe illness, with christian fortitude and
resignation.

Hark, 'tis the sound of fate! the solemn bell,
Proclaims Maria's sufferings at an end;
She to a troubled world has bid farewell,
And to the realms of glory doth ascend.

We mourn her loss, to social friendship dear,
We mourn the parents' & the sisters grief;
In sad remembrance drop the high swoln tear,
Which to the anguish'd bosom gives relief.

But cheer'd by sweet reflection's glorious
truth,

We know the virtuous & the good are blest;
And while we mourn Maria lost in youth,
We view her blissful in the realms of rest.

It may be remarked among the singular
occurrences of the times, that for several
days last week, two or three stars were dis-
tinguished by the naked eye at noon day.
We have seen it explained that they may be
observed in the day time, through the shaft
of a deep well, or a rectilinear mine, where
the rays of light are excluded; but to ac-
count for their being distinctly viewed from
the earth's surface, in the blaze of the me-
ridian sun, is a desideratum in the science
of vision, which some of our scientific read-
ers may perhaps be able to explain.

[Kingston Gaz.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

ARMIN DEPLORING THE LOSS OF HIS CHILDREN, VERSIFIED FROM THE SONGS OF SELMA.

[Concluded from page 16.]

ALONE and dreary, on the rock's dark side,
My daughter o'er her sorrows loud did wail;
Aloud and frequent to the winds she cri'd,
What could her father's sorrowings avail.
All night amidst the storm I stood on-shore,
And view'd her faintly by the moon's dim light;
I hear'd her cries, & loud the wind did roar;
The rain upon the hills beat hard that night;
Her voice grew weak before the morn appear'd;
It di'd away like to the evening breeze,
That softly gliding o'er the heath, is hear'd
The thistle's beard & grass of rocks to seize.
Soon spent with grief upon the rock she di'd,
And left thee, Armin, for to grieve alone;
Amongst you, women! fallen is my pride,
And in the noise of war, my strength is gone.
When north winds lift the waves, and storms do rise,
I sit all mournful by the sounding shore;
And on that fatal rock I fix my eyes,
'Till tir'd by gazing I discern no more;
And often by the setting moon I see
My children's ghosts, half viewless they appear;
In mournful conference they seem to be—
In pity speak to me? they will not hear,
Nor yet regard their father's rankling grief;
Nor do they give this wounded breast relief.

For this I'm sad; when shall I cease to mourn?
When shall peace, radiant, on my soul return?

Such were the words of bards in days of song,
When kings hear'd music, & harps brought
The tales of other times; the chiefs around
From hills they gather'd, list'ning to the sound;—
They prais'd the voice of Cona,* first of
But age is on my tongue, my soul it fails;
I wish to hear, at times, the ghosts of bards;
And list'ning love to learn their pleasant tales.
But mem'ry fails. I hear the call of years;
They say, as passing, why does Ossian sing?
Soon shall he lie entomb'd; no bard rehearse
His praise. Roll on ye dark brown years, ye bring

* Ossian is sometimes poetically called the voice of Cona.

No joy to Ossian's soul; his strength it fails.
For long the sons of song do rest in peace;
My voice remains like blasts on lonely vales;
Or sea surrounded rock, when winds do cease,
The dark moss whistles there, mov'd by the breeze,
The distant mariner views the waving trees.

WILLIAM.

If Mr. McDowell thinks the following lines
(written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia) worthy a place in *The Hive*, he will oblige a subscriber by inserting them.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

WHERE Wissahiccon's lofty banks ascend,
And pines inumbrate o'er its shores extend;
Where blooms the laurel, where the poplars flow'r,
I oft retire to spend a pensive hour;—
Deep in surrounding shades immur'd, peruse
The classic page, or court the sacred muse;
The limpid streams, soft flowing thro' the vale,
Responsive murmur to the passing gale:
The silver spring meand'ring thro' the grove,
Recall the cloudless scenery of love;—
On airy wing bids busy fancy soar,
Imagination's mazes to explore: [stray'd,
On mem'ry floats past scenes when oft I've
With dear ELVIRA thro' the sacred shade;
And oft reclin'd on some vast rocks rude form,
Fearless observ'd the black impending storm;
Unmov'd beheld the livid lightning fly,
Whilst rattling thunder shook the vaulted sky;
What time the cloud a copious show'r dis-
To torrents huge transform thy bubbling rills;
No more thy stream a pensive stillness
Or in its wonted bed unruffled sleeps;
Uprooted pines down its swoln currents throng,
Beating its rocky sides, roll heavily along.—

But chang'd the scene—the lightnings cease to play,
Returning phœbus glads the smiling day;
With glitt'ring pearl reflects the humid trees,
The gentle zephyrs fan the evening breeze;
The sun obliquely darts his fervid fires,
Clouds blush with modest grace as he retires;
The groves plum'd songsters chaunt their artless lays,
Warbling in concert sweet their maker's
Then seek their nests on downy pinions bourne,
In sweet oblivion sleep 'till phœbus wakes the morn.

C. J. W.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Bachelor, whose life
Was stain'd with vice, & sour'd with strife:
Happy, had o'er his Sire been read,
"Friends, here a Bachelor lies dead."

H U M O R.

During the last sickness of Oliver Cromwell, Col. Bond, his particular friend, died, and, through some mistake, a report was circulated that Oliver himself had made his exit. While this report was spreading, one of the royal party, entering the parliament house, was asked if the Protector was really dead—"No, he replied, he is not dead, but he has just now given Bond to the devil for his appearance.

PHILIP the second, walking one day alone in the cloisters of the convent of the Escorial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open went in.—Transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which that house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the convent, and desired him to shew the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand and squeezing it affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you friend, I live at St. Martins, and my name is Michael Bombis. If you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service."—"And my name, (said the pretended servant) is Philip the second: and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good!"

A GOOD THOUGHT.

"Though it be not in your power, said *Marcus Aurelius*, to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, or a mathematician, it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all."

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